

SOME POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Who Will be Entitled to Vote in the Approaching Democratic Senatorial Primary.

EX-GOVERNOR JARVIS IS NOW A CANDIDATE.

Senator Marion Butler, When Thrown Out of a Job, Will Reside in Raleigh—Working up Evidence Against Democratic Election Registrars—Opening of the Schools—Grounds Made Attractive—A Good Cotton Field Story—A Notable Marriage to be Solemnized Wednesday—Brief Mention.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 22.—When the Democratic State Committee met here September 5 to arrange for the holding of the State primary for United States Senator it adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the term 'Democratic voter' in the resolution of the State Convention shall be construed to include all white and Croatan electors who vote in the November election for the Democratic Presidential electors and for the Democratic candidates for Congress, as well as all white and Croatan electors who voted the Democratic ticket last August; that we hereby extend invitation to every voter in North Carolina not already so entitled to qualify himself for voting in said Senatorial primary by casting his ballot on that day for the Democratic Presidential and Congressional tickets."

The State Convention last April said that anybody who in August should vote the Democratic ticket should be eligible. The committee added to this that anybody who voted for Bryan and Stevenson and the Democratic Congressional candidates in November should also vote for Senator in the primary.

Thus a Democrat who in August did not vote the Democratic ticket nor for the franchise amendment, but who in November votes the Democratic ticket, can vote in the primary.

The author of the above-quoted resolution tells the Sun that he is sure it will make several thousand votes for Bryan and Stevenson in the State. Democratic State Chairman Simmons is having sub-electors appointed, one for each county. This was done long before in this State except in the election campaign of 1876, when it proved very helpful. The chairman expresses himself as sure North Carolina will this year return a solid Democratic delegation to Congress. As to the Senatorial contest, he says he believes he will receive a majority of the votes in the primary.

Senator Marion Butler says he has decided to make Raleigh his home after March 4 next and that he will practice law here.

WORKING UP EVIDENCE.

United States District Attorney Holton, who until two weeks ago was at Morristown, Tenn., is now working up evidence against Democratic election registrars with a view to their indictment for failure to register negroes. Negroes themselves have revealed Holton's plans. They say he told them to go to the mayor of the town and give him their testimony. The matter is causing some stir in the way of making Democrats angry.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR SENATOR.

Ex-Senator Thomas J. Jarvis announced his candidacy for United States Senator. This makes four candidates in the field, the others being Simmons, Carr and Waddell. Pressure is being brought to bear on Henry G. Connor to induce him to become a candidate.

The Senatorial fight grows more and more earnest each day. Both Simmons and Carr have their own personal following, and the voters are being urged to support one or the other.

SCHOOLS OPEN.

St. Mary's School opened yesterday, and the outlook is for the largest attendance in the history of the school.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS.

The grounds of the insane asylum are far more attractive than ever before, all having been sown in blue grass. There are now 40 patients, of whom 33 are home on leave or furlough. All patients whose condition gives hope of relief, are being received. Some pay patients, of the whiskey and morphine classes, are received. There are now about a half a dozen of these. The treatment of them has been quite successful. During the summer there was no sickness at the asylum. The water supply is ample. That for general use is pumped from three driven wells by electricity; that for the kitchen is pumped by steam power. The oldest patient now in the asylum was admitted in 1858. The asylum was opened February 22, 1856.

A GOOD STORY.

A good story is current here of how a sharp Wake county farmer secured cotton pickers. Last Sunday, during services at one of the negro churches here, three big wagons stopped in front of the building. As the darkeys were departing at the close of the services the farmer himself got in the wagons and away they went. The farmers are extremely anxious to get pickers. The fields are white with cotton. With plenty of pickers all could be picked in a fortnight, it seems.

NOTABLE MARRIAGE.

At the marriage here next Wednesday of Dr. Della Dixon, physician to the Baptist Female University, to Dr. Carroll, all three of the bride's brothers will be present. All are preachers, and among them are Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon and Rev. Thomas Dixon. All three will take part in the ceremony. There will be no wedding tour.

BREVITIES.

The Nimrod Ginning Company, of Mecklenburg county, was incorporated yesterday.

State Treasurer Worth has cashed a \$5,000 warrant for the State penitentiary. He will honor others up to \$5,000 called for, as the treasury has sufficient funds on hand to meet same.

Manager Arundell, of the penitentiary, says none of the cotton belonging to the penitentiary will be sold at present. Much of the proposed 1,400 bales will be sold in bulk.

The State University has over 401

students registered. There are twelve young lady students.

An elevator in a tobacco export warehouse at Wilson fell yesterday, which a number of negroes were descending on it. It fell four stories. A cog-wheel broke and part of it struck one negro, smashing his skull and fatally injuring him. Two women were badly injured.

CHARLOTTE.

A \$300,000 BREWERY TO BE ERECTED HERE.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 22.—In the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court yesterday articles of incorporation were filed for the Southern Consumers Brewing and Ice Company.

The incorporators of the company are: Wilhelm Griesser, of New York City; J. T. Anthony, R. L. Lucas and J. J. T. of Charlotte.

The amount of the capital stock of the company is to be \$300,000, with the power to increase the same from time to time, or at any time, by a majority vote of the stockholders to an amount not exceeding \$1,000,000. The said corporation shall be organized and begin business when \$50,000 of the capital stock shall have been subscribed. The incorporators shall give notice to the subscribers of a stockholders' meeting, to be held in the city of Charlotte, for the purpose of organizing the said corporation. The amount of each share in the company is \$100.

The business of the corporation is the manufacture and sale of beer and all other kinds of malt liquors; the building, equipping and operating of one or more breweries, the manufacturing and sale of artificial ice, the equipping and operating of one or more cold storage plants and bottling establishments for the bottling of malt liquors, mineral waters and other beverages, and the buying, holding and selling of real and personal property.

Mr. Wilhelm Griesser, who is the president of the Griesser Construction Company, of New York, which is to build the brewery, is at the Central Hotel in Charlotte until tomorrow. Before his departure it is expected that the exact location of the brewery will be decided upon.

As published some days ago, the agent of the construction company states that the majority of the new enterprise will be owned by the stockholders in this State, and that the stock will be liberally subscribed for in a good many North Carolina cities and towns. The construction company, which usually follows the erection of the brewery in the near future.

NEW BERN.

PERSONAL MENTION—MAN INJURED—INCREASE IN WAGES.

New Bern, N. C., Sept. 22.—Miss Louise Dennison is spending two months in Switzerland, at Geneva, and expects to return to England by October 1st, and leave for home a little later.

The schooner yacht Roamer, owned by Mr. Perrine, which has been in port all summer, is expected here in a few days for a cruise through the sounds.

Mr. M. C. Williams had his ankle badly crushed yesterday while engaged in fishing about six miles from here, near the Perry place. A truck loaded with logs passed over the ankle. The injury was dressed by Dr. Duguid.

INCREASE IN WAGES.

The Clermont Knitting Mills, having about completed extensive improvements of the past summer, has made an increase in wages paid to the employees, which will apply to operatives known as knitters, toppers and loopers. The raise amounts to 12½ per cent, the rate being raised from 13¢ to 14¢ on the dozen where place work is done. In cases where machines are worked up to their full capacity, or to the best of it, it will add not less than the raise in wages stated. Mr. Pelletier thinks that this will tend to bring up the standard of work.

WILMINGTON.

HOW CUPID IS SERVING MEN AND WOMEN.

Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 22.—Friday night at 9:45 o'clock Mr. Joseph Kennedy, formerly of Wilmington, and Mrs. Florence E. Pool, of this city, were united in marriage by Rev. W. D. Hubbard, of Tabernacle Baptist Church.

MISS GRACE KIDDER MARRIED.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, daughter of Mr. Edward H. Kidder, of New York, and niece of Messrs. George W. and Fred Kidder, of this city, were married today at noon at the residence of the bride's parents, 118 Remsen street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Rev. Dr. Burgess, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony, and there were present only the relatives and very intimate friends. Mr. Worthington Chancy Ford was his brother-in-law, and Miss Katharine Deiler was maid of honor. The male choir of Grace Church sang for the occasion. The residence was very handsomely decorated, and the marriage took place at a floral altar in the drawing room. The decorations were green and white.

PROPOSED PAPER MILL.

MR. WHITEHEAD, OF PRESS ASSOCIATION, HARD AT WORK.

Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 22.—Mr. Z. W. Whitehead, editor of the Southern Milling and Lumber Journal, who was appointed chairman of the State Press Association, at Asheville, to inquire into the practicability of the establish-

THE STATE'S NEEDS.

An Address Delivered by a Colored Citizen.

A Tribute to Home—The State Loved for Her Conservatism—A Coronet of Natural Endowments—Men With Muscles are Needed.

(Raleigh Post.)
An address recently delivered by ex-State Senator T. O. Fuller (colored), of Warren county.

Being a citizen of North Carolina I am deeply interested in her material as well as moral and intellectual development. Whatever of prosperity comes to the State benefits the humblest as well as the most exalted citizen. Whatever hindrances impede her progress in a certain measure affect us all. The subject of this address was inspired by a love for the commonwealth. And who is he who does not love his State? I love North Carolina because it is my home and the home of my parents. It was here that I first saw the light of day. It was here that the powers of my mind were first awakened and nurtured. It was here that I learned the physical and moral laws of God in the physical universe. It was here that I learned the laws of the State. It was here that I learned the laws of the State. It was here that I learned the laws of the State.

BIG LUMBER MILL.

TO BE ESTABLISHED IN WAKE COUNTY.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 22.—The Morning Post publishes the following:

"The Post is authoritatively informed that Wake county is to have a mammoth new lumber mill, enterprise established very soon. The work of constructing the plant will very probably begin within the next sixty days, and the plant will be backed by one of the foremost lumber men of the country. The mill will be equipped with the latest machinery, and will be manufacturing them into doors, sash, blinds and other classes of marketable building material. The mill is to be established at Siphaw, about eighteen miles from Raleigh."

"The Post is not yet at liberty to publish the names of those interested in the enterprise. But this can be done very soon. Suffice it to say now that the plant is assured and is in operation probably by the new year, and Raleigh will be the business headquarters of the company, which will not be a stock company."

FAR FROM THE TRAIL.

Lost Nearly a Year Ago and Just Found.

Horrible Fate of Two North Carolinians Who Left Tennessee to Spend Christmas With Their Families—Their Skeletons Found.

The following appeared in the Raleigh Post recently:

Murphy, N. C.—On the 24th day of December, 1899, two men by the names of Sherman and Oneal left a lumber camp on lower Tellico river, in Tennessee, where they had been at work for some time, and started to Robbinsville, Graham county, to spend the Christmas holidays with their families. The way is through the Unacoli mountains, and the only roads are trails, which usually follow the ridges and valleys, and which are often very rough and difficult to travel. Both men were drinking when they left the camp, and were so much intoxicated that they staggered as they walked, and were with them an abundant supply of whiskey. The distance they had to travel to reach Robbinsville was some sixteen miles, and the family of each expected his coming. At the expiration of a week, when they came not, inquiry began to be made for these men, and when it was ascertained that they had departed from Tellico river, the announced intention of proceeding to the mountains, their families and friends became alarmed and diligent search was made throughout the mountains lying along their probable and natural route, but without revealing any trace of them. A reward was offered to anyone who could locate them, and a more diligent search was made, but Sherman and Oneal were never found until last week.

As it was ascertained that they had been at work for the Heyser Lumber Company for considerable time and made good wages, many people suspected that they had been murdered and robbed, but they adhered to the belief that they had lost their way, and had succumbed to the intense cold of that bitter Christmas eve. Sherman had several children, and his wife was in destitute circumstances; so homes were found for the little ones and the wife went to work for a living. Oneal's family consisted of only a wife and she had some property.

BLEACHING SKELETONS.

Early last week John Denton, his son, Forrest, and others went on a hunt into that splendid section lying near Cooper's Bald, the Bald Knob and the wild Santeeah Creek. Forrest Denton was "driving" an all-mountainable and dark laurel near the creek, when he ran upon two fast-bleaching skeletons, miles from human habitation. His two companions of his find as speedily as the difficult nature of the country permitted. The coroner of Graham county was notified, who summoned a jury and the next day he and his inquest. Portions of clothing remained on each skeleton. They lay within a few feet of each other, and in the pockets of the heavy overalls they had worn were found envelopes addressed to Sherman and Oneal. The grinning skulls of both were detached and were either buried or been carried evidently by beasts or birds of prey a few feet down the hill. About the bones were found \$16 and several small articles that aided identification; and a few feet from one was found a jug that still held about a pint of whiskey, while with the other was a bottle filled with the same stuff. The poor fellows had evidently gone too far to the left in the endeavor to avoid the steep climb up to the Bald, become bewildered and lost their way, and were unable to get back until overcome by the cold and fatigue and then perished. Their bones were buried on the summit of the Huckleberry Knob, one of the most beautiful spots in Western North Carolina.

Virginia Firemen Invited.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 22.—At a meeting of the Charlotte Fire Department, the following resolution was adopted:

"Be it resolved, That we extend our greetings to our brother firemen in the State of Virginia and present them a cordial invitation to come to Charlotte during the session of the North Carolina State Firemen's Association, to be held in this city in the spring or summer of 1901."

"Resolved, further, That the running team of the Virginia State Fire Association are especially invited to compete for the prizes in the interstate races."

Muscle may be the railroad and brain the engine, but capital must send the engine upon its mission. Brain, muscle and capital are the great powers that move the industrial world. A strong hand of labor unlocks the archives of wealth. The light of an intelligent mind directs and facilitates the task, while the soothing presence of the State gives comfort and rest to the burden. There should be no conflict. All are essential.

Ignorance is a hindrance and a curse to any people. Prejudice and superstition may be dispelled as the light of intelligence brightens our path.

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

The Wonderful Dream of a Hospital Ward Patient.

Strange Scenes in a Hospital Ward—Death Comes Twice to Poor Howard Klutz—"Snatched From His Mother's Arms"—A Waste of Waters and the End of the World.

(Charlotte Observer.)

There is no hypothesis to make, no theories to formulate, concerning the story which I am about to give to the readers of the Observer, the incidents of which came under my own observation. I will write it down exactly as it happened, and will leave its psychological elaboration to the seers, spiritualists and clairvoyants, contenting myself with Hamlet's reflection:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

In the early part of the year 1889 I was in the city of Philadelphia on business which would detain me there for several months. Being a Southerner, I was ignorant of the treacherous character of the spring climate of that section, and some days of imprudent exposure to its sudden and trying changes sufficed to confine me to bed at my hotel with a combined rheumatic and pulmonary attack. The physician called in to attend me—a portly Dr. Johnson, a clean-shaven and kindly man, with heavy froth chain, shining broadcloth, polished boots, and a pompous voice of rich port-wine huskiness—considered my case serious; and, under his instructions, I was removed to a hospital.

Before proceeding with my story, even at the risk of inflicting on the reader a tiresome digression, I cannot refrain from giving a paragraph or two more descriptive of this hospital, one of the most extensive and liberally endowed benevolent institutions of the country. First, ill as I was for several days, I was impressed with its admirable and systematic management. It is said that "there is method in madness," and at the hospital patients died or recovered by method. Nothing was left to chance; and, mild and pleasant as it was, the regime was as immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Medicine formed a small part of this system, and it was seldom that one saw a patient dosed, except in the case of acute and diet being the great agencies of cure.

Secondly, the hospital was as cosmopolitan in its way as New York city. In the ward in which I lay was a Russian, an Arab, a Turk, two Hungarians, an Irishman, three Americans, including myself, and a burly negro, disagreeable and insolent, but withal as arrant a coward of physical pain as ever lived, who, the mere opening of a wound, or the slightest instrument would whine like a whipped cur. The Russian drank great quantities of tea, and the Pole ate all his own liberal allowance of bread and every slice that his companions of the ward would give him. The Italians had visitors every Friday—men and women with black hair and eyes, wearing glittering earrings, and gaudy neckerchiefs, who, reclining on their sofas, smoked and gesticulated with such passionate energy that one almost expected the gleam of the stiletto. No one ever came to see the poor Turk, who sat on his cot, and, under his head, under a pile of his filthy rags, hid his face, and, as if he were in one of the bazaars of his own beautiful Constantinople, his red fez on his small head, and his dark face as expressionless as that of the Sphinx of the Desert. On my ward, I met a "Maggie" from the "St. Roman's Well" would put it, and was carried out feet foremost to the dreary "Potterfield," shut in by the pitiless walls of a great strange city, beyond which, alas, I never returned.

Howard Klutz, of Johnstown, Pa., a young fellow, of some throat or lung affection, as brave and patient as a martyr, as simple as a child, as cheerful and genial as a sunbeam, was a Christian and a good man. He was evidently a man of the lower or middle walk of life, but sterling metal for all that, true and honest to the core. I became very much interested in him, and he, in turn, was anxious to know me, and to move about the halls and corridors, but not sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital. I read to him, talked with him, and did all I could to lighten the weight of his painful sickness. The head nurse told me that his case was hopeless, and that they were only "patching" him up that he might have strength to get home and die in the arms of his mother. "He was her only son," and she was a widow.

WHAT HE SAW.

One night I lay awake until a late hour, unable to sleep on account of the noisy outbursts on Spruce and Ninth streets over some procession or other popular demonstration. This was the night that the horror died away in the distance, the tap of the drum became but a faint echo, and I was just off in a doze, when, with a choking gurgle in his throat and a muffled cry, Klutz sat upright in his bed, his limbs shaking with cold, his hollow eyes staring in terror, his cadaverous face bedaubed with a cold sweat.

"What is it, man?" I cried, springing up and placing my hand on his shoulder.

"Merciful God!" he groaned, covering his eyes with his poor thin hand. "Merciful God! The waste of waters and the end of the world!" "Snatched from my mother's arms at the door of the old home!" "Thousands and thousands swept into eternity!" "Oh, the flood! the flood!"

By the time two or three attendants were in the ward, and he was questioned and soothed; but over and over, rocking his frail, attenuated body to and fro, he moaned, in a voice of indescribable anguish, "Oh, the flood! the flood!" His face and arms were laved in cold water, an anodyne was administered, and he sank into a fitful, unrestful sleep, broken by starts and groans.

A few days afterwards I received my discharge, as usual, and addressed myself to the task of clearing away the accumulation of business caused by my illness, in devotion to which my hospital experience was rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Then came the "Johnstown Horror," the tragedy of flood which choked up the valleys, swept away farmsteads, overwhelmed villages and surged through the streets of a busy town, to the incalculable destruction of property, and the loss of between 2,500 and 3,000 human lives.

AN AWFUL ENDING.

How nobly did Philadelphia vindicate its right to the title of "City of Brotherly Love" after that most lamentable disaster—giving with princely generosity of its means, from the grimy toiler at the forge to the mil-

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lions in his palace, until the homeless were sheltered, the needy had succor, and the helpless were put upon their feet again! Day after day, I passed a drug store on Chestnut street, in front of which, set on a pole, was a large glass bowl in charge of a policeman; and at least twice in the twenty-four hours would the passers-by, in coin and paper money, fill the vessel to the brim with offerings to the Johnstown sufferers.

A day or two before my return to my home in the South I paid a visit to a hospital, that I might bid farewell to several who, over and above the perfortory performance of duty, had treated me with such kindness and consideration as to win my liveliest gratitude. After a long conversation with Mrs. Smith, the head nurse, I remarked: "Now, if poor Klutz is still with you, I will go in and bid him good-bye."

"What!" she exclaimed, "have you not heard of the awful ending of his feeble life?"

"Not a word. What do you mean?"

"Oh, it is all very sad. You know he had abandoned all hope of saving him, but we nursed him up to strength enough to return home to his mother. He made the journey to Johnstown safely; he was carried by friends on a litter to the brim with offerings to the Johnstown sufferers."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, rallying from the shock of this heartrending story, "remembering Klutz's dream! 'the waste of waters and the end of the world'—'snatched from his mother's arms'—'The flood! the flood!'"

Months later I received from a Philadelphia friend the last chapter of the tragedy. The horror of it all bereft of reason, the poor old woman who lost her boy; but in the little house, miraculously spared by the flood, she lived for some time cared for by a granddaughter, harmless but hopelessly insane, wandering a demented being to the front door, there to stand with arms outstretched as if she saw it all again. One morning they went to wake her, but in the solemn silence of the night she had fainted, and the waters had passed over her—but calmly and peacefully, with no fierce buffet of storm and swirl of waves.

J. H. M.
Fayetteville, Sept. 12.

When the Hair Falls Out

Accompanied by mucous patches in the mouth, eruptions on the skin, sore throat, copper colored spots, swollen glands, aching muscles and bones, the disease is making rapid headway, and far worse symptoms will follow unless the blood is promptly and effectually cleansed of this violent destructive poison.

S. S. S. is the only safe and infallible cure for this disease, the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures the worst cases thoroughly and permanently.

My Condition Could Have Been No Worse.

In the fall of 1897 I was stricken with the blood poison. I tried three doctors, but they could not cure me. I was getting worse all the time; my hair came out, ulcers appeared in my throat and mouth, my skin was covered with copper colored spots and sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains and my condition could have been no worse, if I had not taken S. S. S. I decided to try S. S. S., but must confess I had little faith left in the medicine. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly encouraging, and I determined to give S. S. S. a thorough trial. From that time on the improvement was rapid; S. S. S. seemed to have taken the case completely under control; the sores and ulcers healed, and I was soon free from all signs of the disorder; I have been strong and healthy ever since.

L. W. SMITH, Lock Box 611, Noblesville, Ind.

SSS

is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. \$1.00 is offered for proof that it contains a particle of mercury, potash or other mineral poison.

Send for our free book on Blood Poison; it contains valuable information about this disease, with full directions for self treatment. We charge nothing for medical advice; cure yourself at home.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.